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MARVEL PG 66

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Hello, little light in the sky.
Please don't *probe* me.
Wait. I know what that is.
Why am I...?
Huh. Someone's tying me up. How *nice*.
And this 'someone' smells *great*.
Lotta guys pay *good money* for this...
Good knotting technique, too. Bet she's a *sailor*.
Wait. Something's happening here--
Sorry about this, Mr. Wilson ...

You all know me:
Deadpool! Last survivor of a doomed planet that was bitten by a radioactive spider and then doused in cosmic rays and garlic, which some people like, but I think ruins the flavor --
-- wait, hold on, that's not right.
Whoever roughed me up and left me here did something to my brain. The last thing I remember is...urgh. I don't wanna remember what I remember.
If I scream, will you call me a sissy?
Pull!
Stuttering Stanley! Stuttering Stanley!
What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man do outrage and displeasure to himself?
--The Comedy Of Errors
"Please stop hitting me with anvils."
-- Wile E. Coyote
HEALING FACTOR
CHAPTER ONE
I FORGET

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Any...ungh...reason why you're trying to pull me into new, improved kibbles and bloody chunks?
Now with 40% more innards?
Sorry, Mr. Wilson--
-gasp!-
-- but you had a bucket full of broken bones. If your healing factor kicked in like that, without your bones being set --
Blow the house down!
-- exactly.
You'd look like the elephant man's uglier brother.
Urk... think I... met Elephant Man once. He was one of the Avengers no one talks about. Got bit by a radioactive ... circus animal named Jumbo.
Guy had a... ugh ... an adamantium trunk and they ... bathed him with a hose.
Insert... peanut joke here.
...
...Is this one of those in-and-out, drive-through tortures, or is this gonna... take a while?
Try to relax. It won't be long.
A couple -- three hours max.
Good ol' Sandi. Best Personal-Assistant Slash Sadist-Chiropractor I ever hired.

Guess I should thank you. Any clue how I got here ... and do I have any hickeys?
You don't remember? Well, you are awfully feverish.
Oh, look, Mr. Bag is bringing you some coffee.
Yeah, but it woulda been nicer if he'd mixed some water in with it. =munch munch chew=
Sorry you had to see me without my image inducer, Sandi. I always tried to spare you that.
It's okay. Guys all look like that on the inside, anyway.
Ouch! Hey, make a note-- remind me to get the ceiling painted--
"...get the ceiling painted--"
"--and get the bugs cleaned out of my light fixture."
So, you don't remember how you got here?
Nope.
Or where you've been?
That's a big negative, good buddy.
And you're not worried about that?
Worried? Why should I be worried?

My whole life is like a rainbow.
Ah, there's my little image inducer. Thanks, ratbag.
I love the night life. I've got a booger.
You said it. Now that I've got my doorknobs, we're back in business! Sandi, what's on my schedule for tonight?
Man, I'm starving. I know I left some sushi in here a few days ago ...
Just the Whittaker job, Mr. Wilson.
But listen, maybe you should take it easy for a couple a' days, huh? I mean, you don't quite seem yourse--
Did you just say, "doorknobs"?
Yeah, aren't you listening? I said "doorknobs!"
My custom-made, rapid-fire, death-dealing doorknobs!
Women! Who can understand 'em?
Ratbag, I appreciate the thought, but last time I ate peanuts, I woke up looking like this.
Mr. Wilson, no kidding... I think maybe you should see a doctor... like, yesterday.
Sandi, I'm fine! I'm A-1! I'm floating on a gossamer cloud!

You... you missed the waste-basket--
What? Impossible! I never miss.
Try again!
PLIP!
Five minutes later...
What I mean is, I always miss. That's weird ...
...whatever's wrong with me-- it's ruining my aim. That could be a problem.
Well, I'm sure it's just a temporary thing, like pet rocks or Li'l Kim.
And Ratbag, see what you can do about cleaning this mess up, huh? I have a payday to earn.
Scrubbing bubbles!
"Scrubbing bubbles!
The virus is rapidly infecting his brain as expected, Swan. He's exhibiting mild aphasia and seems unable to target properly.
You'll forgive me if I again point out that he would be an easy kill.
Kill? What makes you think I want him dead, Nijo?
The man's a breathing mockery of the gentleman's profession of assassination --
-- I want his reputation destroyed. I want him crippled and helpless and humiliated. I want his name to be a source of derision to all who hear it.
And then, as a final insult...
... we let him live.

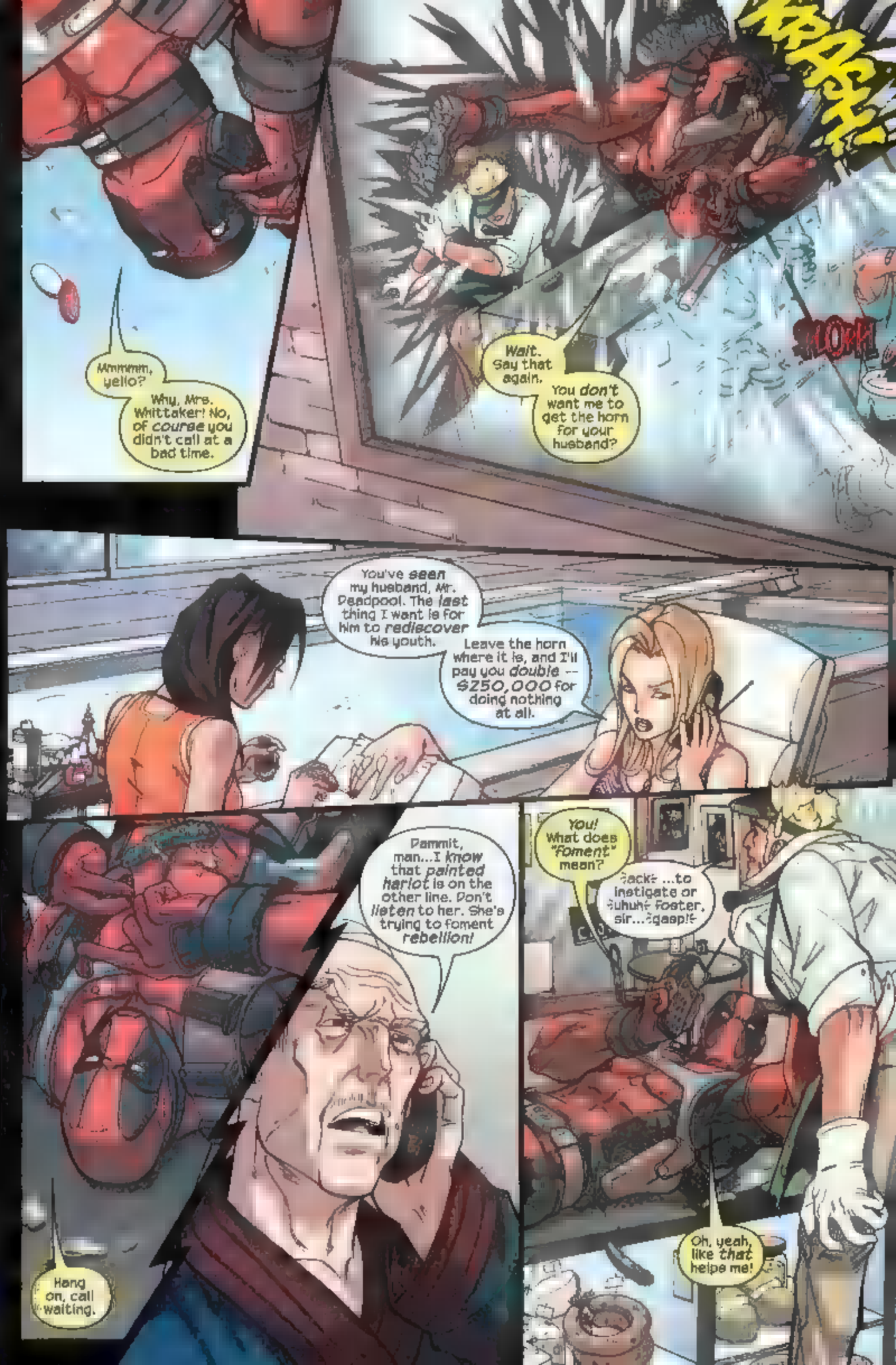
At one of the many penthouses of the very wealthy Mr. Whittaker.
Nice door-knobs.
Why thank you, Mr. Deadpool! I just got them recently, but I think the one on the left is a little bi --
Yeah, some of those older doorknobs still work great. I prefer the new ones, though. Better action.
Oh. Right.
My husband will see you now.
...?
What'd I say?
WHRRRRRRRR
Poopsie!
Boopsie!
Did Poopsie miss his Boopsie? Boopsie missed Poopsie so much!
But Boopsie's fi'l Poopsie was only gone for five minutes!
An eternity!

Ooh, li'l Poopsie can never go bye-bye again! No, no, never!
SMOOCH SMAK! KISS!
Oh, ho! Did Boopsie go for a swimmy-wimmy?
You're all wet, Boopsie, you naughty girl!
No, no! Not the tongues!
SMOOCH SMAK! KISS!
SLURP!
My eyes!!!
That's it. My innocence is gone.
Darling, we're being rude. We have an honored guest here.
I'm sorry, Mr. Deadpool. You know what newlyweds are like.
And I was already sick. Brrr. I'll never feel clean again.
She's a fine figure of a woman, isn't she?
Yeah, she's got great guns.
?
Bye, Poopsie!
WHRRRRRRRRRRR

Maybe I'll get me a penthouse someday. Then later, a building to go under it.
Until then, I'll listen to what this remote-controlled corpse has to say.
You may have discerned there's a slight age difference between my wife and myself, Mr. Deadpool.
Uh...hmm. Really? Hadn't noticed.
I was too busy throwing up into the hydrangeas.
What is it that you imagine a man most desires in the twilight of his days, Mr. Deadpool?
Baby powder?
Betty White in a catsuit?
Comfy slippers and a colonic?
Nachos? It's nachos, isn't it? So warm and gooey.
But it's nachos.
No, no, no, Mr. Deadpool, nothing so material.
Vigor.
We all crave vigor.
Hey, they have these pills now, even presidential contenders endorse them...
No pills. I'm a great believer in alternative medicine.
There's something I want you to procure for me.

"But it will not be easy task, Mr. Deadpool. Choose your tools carefully.
"The owner of this item will be loathe to part with it, I'm sure.
"You will inform me of your progress via this cellular phone."
Knock, knock!
"Make no mistake--it is a ferocious beast you hunt. Best to capture it unaware, in its natural habitat..."
KA-THUNK!
"Who's there?"
What the...?
Friend of yours, O'Hirn?
The Rhino!
"He won't part with this prize willingly. But once the...item in question has been removed and powdered...
"The Rhino who?"
"...legend it, it will immeasurably to my vitality, Mr. Deadpool. I trust that you'll handle this matter with all due delicacy?"

The Rhino's about to get his horn cut off!
VRRRRrrrRRRRrrrRRRRrrr
DIPPZT
DIPPZT


Mmmmm, yello?
Why, Mrs. Whittaker! No, of *course* you didn't call at a bad time.
Wait. Say that again.
You *don't* want me to get the horn for your husband?
KLORK!
You've *seen* my husband, Mr. Deadpool. The *last* thing I want is for him to *rediscover* his youth.
Leave the horn where it is, and I'll pay you *double* -- $250,000 for doing nothing at all.
Dammit, man...I *know* that *painted harlot* is on the other line. Don't *listen* to her. She's trying to foment *rebellion!*
Hang on, call waiting.
You! What does "*foment*" mean?
Gack! ...to instigate or huhuh! Foster, sir...gasp!
Oh, yeah, like *that* helps me!

Lousy &#*@$! Trying to get me to break a contract, when I already have a migraine--
-- I'll show her that Deadpool can't be fomented!
All right, you big dumb mammal - gimme the horn, or I'm gonna get ugly.
Ha ha ha ha! Ho! Heh!
Hey, slick-- really think you can hurt the Rhino with that stupid gun?
Hey, I knew I recognized that chump ...
... ain't that the guy what did the Four Winds job?
Go away, little nobody.
You asked for it, Rhino! It's go time!
KA-THOK!
Mister, you'd best let this go, before I get peeved.
Huh. Guess my aim's still off. Serves him right for making fun of my doorknob!

brrzt brrzt brrzt
Hello?
I'm not listening to you! You tried to foment me!
What? Half a million not to get the horn?
Lady, you just bought yourself a fomentee.
The way my aim is lately, I'd probably just get killed anyway.
Hot tub and tylenol, here I co --
Now I'm peeved.
I gave you two chances to back off.
But...but... I was just... I wasn't gonna...
... oh, man!

Murderous mayhem in the mighty mouthy [redacted] manner!
Motherrrrrrrrrr!
What was I thinking? I can't beat this guy-- he's what happens when large African mammals mate with S.U.V.'s!
Eat blazing doorknobs of death, banana-face!
Damn aiming issues!
No, wait... not... don't...
Not my car!
I only had 140 more payments on that!

snort.
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
Hey, that's sorta cute. He looks just like a bull about to char --
Time for an organized and dignified retreat.
And this time, no weeping in front of the civilians!
Aaaaaaaaah!
Oh wonderful Fate! My knight in leather armor!
Go. Drive, man! Go!!
What? Who the hell are you?
Look, unless you're like, Galactus under all that leather, you'd better just drive.
I see your point. Hang on.
AAARRHH!
No, Mr. Whittaker--I don't even think I can get the horn, not even for...
...how much?!?
VRRROOOOOWWW!

...so then my second old lady left ... she got the house and most of the stock portfolio...
Traffic's getting worse, buddy...there's construction ahead.
Here's my gym -- pull over!
C-WORKS
Did we lose him?
Not unless they're filming Independence Day II or Blues Brothers III. Or Riding Through The Air In Cars With Boys.
Larry! You got the keys to the trophy case?
Huh?
Never mind!
Hi, Mr. D!
You're dead, punk! Dead! Ddddeaad!
Seeya, Mr. D!

I'm coming, punk. Ya hear me?
CAP'S WINGS
HULK'S PANTS
IRONMAN'S BOOT
Yeah, I know, I'm dead, etc. etc.
Irregularity is making you cranky, I bet.
This is all Good Guy stuff, and the Good Guys always win, right? Hope this stuff still works.
You lose, punk.
Ump.
Uh, oh. How do I turn this stuff on?
Hulk pants activate! Iron boot, go!!!
Abracadabra! Shazam! Kill Rhino!
SMAAAAAASH!
Unff.
Well, punk? Got any final words before the end?
PAFF!

Kind of a shame I got to kill you an' I don't even know your name.
Wade Wilson ... very nice to ... meet you, Mr. Rhino
gasp
Stupid Hulk pants didn't work at all. And I look stupid in purple! Only one thing left to try--
--Ant-Man's gas canister!
But my aim!
So don't aim at him ... aim right between my eyes ...
FSSSSSSSS!
Arrgggghh!
Ahuh. Ahuh.
Whoooooah
I can't believe I'm that awful ...
Good job, Mr. D! I was behind you all the way! Where'd the big guy go?
I think I'm sitting on him.
Help meeeeeeeeeee!

Soon, back at Mr. Whittaker's penthouse ...
My husband has most of the money. The most I can get is 750,000 dollars. However...
... If you forget about the horn, here's what else I'll throw in: *whisper whisper whisper*
!
Mr. W., I'm sorry, but there is no way you can top your wife's last offer. Nope, uh uh, nohow!
Really, Mr. Deadpool? How about if I give you a million dollars, and I don't have you dipped in bronze and added to my statue collection?
Sorry, li'l Rhino, but some whack-job with a buttload of money wants that little fake horn of yours.
You may feel a slight sawing sensation.
Nooooooo!

Mission accomplished. This check better clear.
But ... surely this isn't all there is?
It's not my business, but you'd better start thinking about quality instead of volume.
Looks like I win, dearest Boopsie. I feel invigorated already. Yes, indeedy-weedy.
That's... wonderful news, Poopsie. your Boopsie is so...
...so happy-wappy.
You know-- I'm not a marriage counselor, so this is a layman's opinion, but I think you two are seriously screwed-up.
Tell you what... I'm going to leave a doorknob right here on the desk. It's clean, can't be traced back to either of you.
Your choice. Either you can fix your marriage, or one of you can do some therapy on the other one. Permanent therapy.
I figure Mrs. W. has youth and speed on her side, but Mr. W's got sheer spite and a longer reach.
Choose wisely.
It's nice when you can help people.
Actually, I have a good feeling about those two.
I think this'll scare 'em into working out their problems. Just call me Deadpool Jessie Raphael.
BANG!
d'oh!

'Bout time you got back.
Had to get *paid*. Want a *cookie*?
You know, Wilson--when I get back to my normal size...
...you're gonna die *flat*.
:chew chew munch:
Yeah, yeah. Too bad only *I* have the *growth serum*, huh?
So until then, you belong to *me*.
Wilson, you *give* me that stuff *now*!
You *hear me*?!?
If I was a *nice guy*, I'd tell him the truth. There *is* no growth serum. I have *no idea* when this *shrinking gas* stuff wears off.
Night, li'l Rhino!
Wilson! *Wilson*!
WiiiiiiSOOOOnn
But what fun would *that* be?
NEXT ISSUE:
THE MOST UNLIKELY TEAM-UP OF ALL!